

Savans, that the seventeen year locousts do not eat in the insect state, and therefore are not injurious to vegetation. They are said to eat only in the "grub" state—which is very natural, unquestionably

Sabbath Reading.

THE BIBLE.

BY WILLIAM LEGGIST.

This little book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems,
That e'er in monarch's coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.
Nay, were the sea and all its shoals,
The earth a golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.
How hateful to ambition's eye
His blood-rung spoils must gleam,
When Death's spoked wheel is nigh,
His life a hurried dream.
Then hush his with his gasping breath,
For e'er poor moment craves,
Fool! would'st thou stay the arm of Death,
Ask of thy God to save!
No, no! the soul's truest relief
In glittering hoards of wealth,
Gems dazzle not the eye of grief,
Gull cannot purchase health;
But here a blessed balm appears,
To heal the deepest woe;
And he who seeks this book in tears,
His tears shall cease to flow.
Here He who died on Calvary's tree,
Hath made the promise bleed;
"Ye heavy laden" come to me
And I will give you rest.
A bruised reed I will not break,
A contrite heart despise;
My garden's light, and all who take
My yoke, will reach the skies."
Yes, yes, this little book is worth
All else to mortals given;
For what are all the joys of earth
Compared with those of Heaven.
This is the guide our Father gave
To lead us to realms of day;
A star whose lustre glows the grave—
The light—the truth—the way.

TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL. A spirit of fault-finding; an unsatisfied temper; a constant irritability; little inequalities in the look, the temper, or the manner; a brow, cloudy and dissatisfied—your husband or your wife cannot tell why—will more than neutralize all the good you can do, and render life any thing but a blessing. It is in such gentle and quiet virtues as meekness and forbearance that the happiness and usefulness of life consists, far more than in brilliant eloquence, in splendid or illustrious deeds, that shall send the name to future times.

It is the building spring which flows gently; the rivulet which glides through the meadow, and which runs along, day and night, by the farm house, that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or the roaring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder—and we stand amazed at the power and goodness of God there, as he "pours it from his hollow hand." But one Niagara is enough for the continent or a world; while the same world needs thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently-flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on, every day and every night, with their gentle beauty. With the acts of our lives. It is not by great suffering only, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life—the Christian temper, the meek forbearance, the spirit of forgiveness, in the husband, the wife, the father, the mother, the sister, the brother, the friend and the neighbor, that good is to be done, and in this all may be useful.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY. Christian charity is universal benevolence, obeying the injunction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself;" and being always in readiness, without grudging, to bestow their goods to feed the poor, as their Heavenly Father in his bountiful goodness hath given unto them all things necessary for life and godliness. As faithful stewards of the manifold grace of God, it is the duty of all Christians to appropriate the means which he has placed in their hands, to the furtherance of his cause, and the relief of his needy followers, not being puffed up with pride as slothful servants, nor laying up treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal. The word of charity is also employed in the sense of love. The Apostle Paul, writing to the church of Corinth, uses it in this—he says—"Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling symbol. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself; it is not puffed up; it doth not behave unseemly, seeking not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth." And in concluding the chapter, he says: "And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

THE GOOD PARENT. He continueth the care of his children till the day of his death, in their infancy, youth, and manhood. He sheweth them his own practice what to follow and imitate; and in others, what to shun and avoid. A father that whips his son for swearing, and swears himself whilst he whips him, did more harm by his example than good by his correction.

If his son prove wild, he doth not cast him off so far, but he marks the spot where he lights. With the mother's words, he doth not threaten his son to sink or swim, but he leaves one to stand afar off to watch what will become of him.

He moves him to marriage rather by argument drawn from his good, than by his own authority.

In choosing a profession he is directed by his child's disposition.

He allows his children maintenance according to their quality.

He observeth gravel-kind in dividing his affections, though not his estate.

He doth not give away his love to his children, and then come to them for a piece of bread.

HOW TRUE. A very eminent writer has said that although we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it to end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make an estate; then to arrive at honor; then to retire.

The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter day; the politician would be contented to lose three years of his life, could he occupy after such a revolution of time; and the lover would be glad to strike out all the moments of existence that are to pass away before the next meeting.

GUILT, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness. The evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and like the ghosts of the murdered forever haunt the steps of the malefactor. The paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

READ THE BIBLE.—It is the best of all books—full of truth and rich in eloquence. Of its morality, you need have no fear. It will chasten your affections, purify your thoughts, enlarge and strengthen your intellect, and elevate your mind to the contemplation of things heavenly and divine.

Defer not thy charities till death, for, certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.

THE MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1846.

Probate Notices. Those of our friends who have Probate Notices to publish, and would like to have them appear in the Farmer, which circulates extensively in the County of Kennebec, have only to signify the wish to the Judge of Probate.

Job Work, of all kinds, as neatly executed, and on as reasonable terms, at the Farmer Office, as at any establishment in the State. Fancy jobs printed with all the different colored inks.

EVERGREENS OF MAINE.

The next species of pine which we shall enumerate, is the White Pine, (*Pinus Strobus*). Sometimes it is called *Pumpkin Pine*, when it has grown to a great size and is clear of knots. Sometimes, when it has a somewhat stunted growth and has a coarser fibre, it is called *Suppling Pine*.

It is the most magnificent of any of our pines, and indeed grows larger than any other tree in the State. For hundreds of years, probably ever since the Pilgrims became sufficiently numerous and strong to clear the forest and open a trade with other nations, an immense trade has been carried on in the lumber afforded by this invaluable tree. The then "District of Maine" was considered the great magazine of this species of lumber, and it would exceed credulity if the whole value of the produce of this single species of tree taken from the soil and territory of Maine, since the first commencement of lumbering, could be enumerated and laid before us. In 1807 there were nearly two million dollars worth of this kind of lumber sent to England alone from the United States, and the most of it from Maine.

The rapacity with which it has been sought and cut, has now made it scarce, compared with its former abundance, and it is a matter of regret that more care and economy had not been used in the business, and less of the wanton destruction as was made in former times. Although the business which is now carried on in lumbering operations is immense, yet the facilities of obtaining the tree are nothing compared with what they formerly were.

The operators have now to go hundreds of miles into the frontier forests to obtain a supply, and sometimes are under the necessity of waiting two or three years before they can ultimately get their timber to the mills and their lumber into market. Before the Revolution, Portland used to be crowded with ships from England for masts, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, in his journal, frequently mentions the arrival and departure of the "mast ships." England became sensible, at an early day, of the great value of this tree, and of the carelessness with which it was cut away and destroyed. In 1711, and again in 1721, Parliament enacted laws for its preservation, and forbade, under severe penalties, the cutting of any trees proper for masts on the possessions of the Crown in the Colonies. This law was enforced from New Jersey to Nova Scotia.

The white pine does not flourish in the extreme cold or extreme warm parts of the earth. There has none of it been seen by travellers around Hudson's Bay.

Michaux, on his return from Hudson's Bay, first met with it in latitude 48° 50' north. According to his observation, it is most abundant between the latitudes 43 and 47, although it is found farther south on the cool sides of the Alleghany ridge.

Its leaves start out from the sides of the branches, in bunches of five, and are about four inches long, of a delicate bluish green color. The cones or apples are about four or five inches long, curved more or less. Its scales are slim, smooth, thin, rounded at base, and begin to gape open about the first of October to release the seeds, which afford fine food for birds and squirrels.

When the tree is young and not more than thirty or forty feet high, the bark is smooth and greenish; but after the tree has become old and attained its full height, the bark splits into innumerable chinks, and becomes ragged and gray, but it is not scaly, nor does it fall off in scales as does that of the other species, as the pitch pine.

The white pine accommodates itself to almost any soil except where water stands most of the year; but in many of the wet places, where there is a deep and soft soil, it attains a size and height that puts all the other trees in the back ground. We have seen them in such places on our frontier, towering up almost to the clouds, as straight as an arrow, without a limb for two thirds of their length.

Michaux relates that, in 1806, he measured, near Norridgewock, in one of the swamps, which is accessible only in midsummer, two trunks, felled for canoes, of which one was 154 feet long and 54 inches (4 feet 6 inches) in diameter, at three feet from the ground; and the other was 142 feet long and 44 inches in diameter.

We have seen trunks on the Arnooskok, eight years ago, that were squared four feet across at the base or butt, and continued that size for twenty feet of its length. Belknap, in his history of New Hampshire, speaks of one that was seven feet eight inches in diameter. This was cut near the Merrimack river. Michaux says he measured a stump near Hallowell, that was over six feet across. Others have stated that they have measured pines of this species that were 180 feet high.

The branches at the top of these stately and magnificent trees, are ranged in sort of whorls or spirals, and present a peculiar appearance, as they lift themselves far above the other trees of the forest, as if protecting them from the sun's heat in summer, or the storms and tempests of winter.

This great height is an advantage to the lumberman in two ways: 1st, as affording him more timber on one stump; and 2d, by allowing him to descend them at a great distance, and no man can discern and recognise them so quickly and correctly as one of your real Up East woodsmen, as he climbs some tree or high eminence to look out for the best locations to establish his camp and teams for a winter's "logging."

No species of wood among us is put to so many and so different uses as the white pine—for fences, for bridges, for timber, for shingles, for clapboards, for boards, for kennels and for houses, for pigsties and for churches, for stables for stores, for the inside and for the outside of buildings, for furniture and for fuel, it all comes into excellent use.

It is white, soft, easily worked, takes a smooth surface, is elastic, but not so strong as some, and does not hold a nail with so much tenacity as the other kinds of pine, or as the hemlock does. Michaux observes that "throughout the Northern States, except in the larger capitals, seven-tenths of the houses are wood, of which 3-4, estimated in 1806 at about 500,000, are almost wholly of white pine: even the suburbs of the cities are built of wood. The principal beams of churches

and other large edifices are of white pine. The ornamental work of outer doors, the cornices and friezes of apartments, and the mouldings of fire places, are of this wood. It receives gilding well, and is therefore selected for looking glass and picture frames. Sculptors employ it exclusively for the images that adorn the bows of vessels, for which they prefer the variety called *Pumpkin Pine*."

He also observes that for the magnificent wooden bridges that were then (1807) built over Schuylkill at Philadelphia, and the Delaware at Trenton, and for those which unite Boston with Cambridge and Charlestown, the first of which is 1500 feet long, and the second 3000, the White Pine has been chosen for its durability.

Such are some of the characteristics, properties, and qualities of this invaluable tree. It is easily propagated, and is generally the first to spring up in waste and deserted lands. In many parts of Massachusetts, and in other sections of New England, it seems to take turns, as it were, with the harder kinds of wood, as the oaks for instance. If you should cut off an oak growth the white pine would spring up. If you cut off the pine the oak will spring up.

It is not much cultivated as an ornamental tree. While young, and of moderate height, it is thrifty, and the delicate velvety lustre of its long and slender leaves, give it a pleasant and interesting appearance—but when old, it towers up above all others, and seems to be above all things of the ornamental kind, and too grand, too lofty, and too immense for shelter or shade, unless congregated in the forest masses away from the dwellings of men, and where it mingles with the other forest trees, which, however large, appear mere pigmies by its side. On barren and sandy lands, and in the margin of fields, if allowed to grow in clusters and belts, its limbs start out low, and forms a fine barrier against the winds and snows, and is thus often useful long before it is large enough to afford timber for the economical purposes of society.

SPRING TOOTH HORSE RAKE.

A week or two ago we made mention of the spring tooth horse rake, and of its operation on rough grass land. Since then we have made use of it on some bog meadow, or what is called "bog meadow." The land is flooded during the winter, but is sufficiently dry and hard to allow a horse and oxen to travel upon it when the grass is fit to cut. The surface may be called level and yet, as is usual, is full of irregularities occasioned by bunches or tufts of grass and brakes growing up, while there are spaces of different sizes, from a foot to several feet, between the tufts or tussocks. The rake operates well in this ground, taking the grass or hay clean, but it holds rather harder than on upland where there is a more even and solid bottom to rest upon.—The hay of this description being lighter does not drop quite so quickly when the handles are lifted up. It is, notwithstanding this, a great labor saving machine in such lands, operating well where the revolving kind could not work at all.

FASTOLF RASPBERRY.

Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture for this month contains a handsome cut of a new variety of Raspberry, which proves to be a valuable acquisition to the fruits of the garden. It was first found growing in an old laurel hedge near an old castle, formerly the residence of Lord Fastolf, (not Falstaff). It was last year imported by the Messrs. Hovey and succeeds well in their grounds. The Editor of the Magazine gives the following directions to ensure good crops, which we think are applicable to most, if not all, the raspberry tribe.

High cultivation is necessary; the ground should be sufficiently good to induce the plants to throw up shoots to the height of 6 or 8 feet. These should be headed partially down in the spring, when they will throw out very large clusters of fruit. Plantations may be made in October or April, but if at the former season, they had better be covered with a little coarse manure, and a small crop will then be produced the first year.

They have the plant for sale at their nursery near Boston.

WASHINGTON'S LETTERS ON AGRICULTURE. This is an interesting and valuable work, and should be in every farmer's library. It is published in a quarto form, and presents a perfect fac simile of the hand writing of that great and good man.

They were written at various times to Sir John Sinclair, and give an interesting view of the agricultural views and operations of the day. There is also an admirable likeness of the General attached to the work. Nothing could be more appropriate for premiums at Agricultural Society Shows than this work, and we earnestly recommend it to the several societies in Maine for that purpose.

A copy of the work can be seen at this office, and they may be had of the publisher, who is now in town.

They are published by Franklin Knight, of Washington, D. C.

MONUMENTS OF WASHINGTON'S PATRIOTISM. This is also a valuable work and one which we are glad to see published, because everything that pertains to Geo. Washington's memory, is or ought to be revered by Americans. This work is published for the benefit of Washington's Manual Labor School and Male Orphan Asylum, and contains a fac simile of his public accounts kept during the Revolutionary war. It also contains some of the most interesting documents connected with his military command and civil administration, embracing, among others, the Farewell address to the people of the United States, together with an Eulogium on the character of Washington by Major W. Jackson, one of his Aids de camp.

We have been particularly pleased with the perusal of the fac simile of his public accounts. It is like taking the very old account book itself, and examining its contents, and it is interesting to see with what care and honesty the most minute particulars are set down. Some of our present public functionaries to whose fingers so much of the public funds so unaccountably stick, and the unravelling of whose accounts current with the Government, is an impossibility, would receive a good lesson by examining it.

The work can be seen at this office.

COUNTY CONVENTION. The whigs at their convention held in this town, on the 11th inst., made the following nominations: For County Commissioner, Daniel Marston, Mt. Vernon. County Treasurer, Daniel Pike, Augusta. Register of Deeds, Alanson Starks, Monmouth.

COMMENCEMENT AT WATERTOWN.

The anniversaries at Waterville College commenced with the celebration of the Literary Fraternity, on Tuesday evening, August 11. Owing to some misunderstanding their orator did not arrive in season to perform his part. However, they succeeded in obtaining an address from Hon. E. M. THURSTON of Charleston, although he had but a very short time in which to prepare himself, not being made acquainted with the disappointment until half an hour before the exercises commenced.

The subject of his address was *Common Schools*, and if it was not so well suited to the occasion as many other subjects, yet the address was one calculated to turn the attention of the community towards the present condition and wants of our schools. He showed that all were interested in a pecuniary point of view, for of the \$300,000 which were raised by a tax in this State, not more than one half as much benefit was obtained as should be. After showing that our system of instruction is retrograding, he briefly explained the provisions of the new law, establishing a Board of Education. The leading defects of our school system were then considered, and some reasons given why these were not perceived. Among these were noticed the situation, ventilation and architecture of school-houses, the want of libraries in districts, and of systematic education of teachers, the short time for which teachers are employed, and lastly, the want of experience in all concerned since proper statistics of schools have not been preserved.

On Wednesday were the Commencement Exercises. The following were the themes: 1st, *Oratio Latina*—J. H. DUMMOND, Winslow; 2d, *Superiority of Republican over Monarchical Institutions*—H. DEMPSEY, Woodstock, Ct.; 3d, *Enthusiasm of Benevolence*—G. A. WILSON, Augusta; 4th, *Intolerance*—T. W. HERRICK, Harmony; 5th, *The Claims of Art*—G. R. STARKY, Vassalboro'. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon these gentlemen, the degree of M. A. upon five former graduates, and the honorary degree of A. M. upon Rev. SAMUEL ADAMS, of Dover.

On Wednesday evening was the celebration of the Erosophian Adelphi. Prayer by Rev. Mr. NORT, of Bath. The oration by Rev. Mr. CHAPIN, of Boston, was one of uncommon power. For an hour and a half did he hold the audience as by some spell, save now and then when they gave way to bursts of applause. After remarking upon the sameness of subjects upon occasions like this, he gave notice that he should speak upon present tendencies,—or rather show that "might and right" should be identical. There were different conceptions of power, and yet power was the chief object of man's efforts. In the first ages of the world, physical strength was all the power used by men. As society advanced in improvement, the power of skill in military affairs and generalship was added to that of physical force. The standard of power varies according to the views of Divinity and God's power. There is a power, which is moral power, as much higher than knowledge as knowledge is higher than mere brute force. This power he considered as the *summum bonum* of all power, and to which we are now tending. At present we are in the middle age, between physical and moral power,—between brute force and that strength derived from the most high God. This power he designated as the *mon y pwer*, and this age as the period of the money power.

He showed some of the many benefits that had been received from this power, in breaking up the feudal strength, for men by commerce became as rich in goods and men as these ancient feudal lords and barons, and then they claimed their rights as citizens in such a way that their demands could not be unheeded. This power has also furnished new sources of wealth and ameliorated the condition of the human race. Taxation had been a cause of modern revolutions, and money was also a source of peace, for commerce and trade binds nations together with the strongest bonds. Money too has its abuses. It sensualizes man, and converts him into a hard hearted and cruel miser, who cares not for the feelings of others provided he can fill his own purse. An apt illustration was here drawn from foreign factory operatives, but the speaker concluded not to say anything about those nearer at home.

The student's opportunities to make might and right the same, were then alluded to, and with some remarks upon this subject he closed.

I cannot give even an outline of the arguments and illustrations used by this truly eloquent speaker. The praise of the orator and his performance was upon every tongue. The society before which it was delivered, immediately made arrangements for its publication, and requested a copy for that purpose, but the author modestly declined complying with their request.

The oration was followed by a poem from Rev. M. J. KELLEY, of New Sharon. Subject of the poem—The Bible. The poem was a good one, though we shall not pretend to say that it was of the highest order, because Mr. K. had but a short time in which to prepare it. The versification was smooth, and the episode near the close was beautiful, both in style and sentiment. It showed that the author has the elements of a poet and he only needs time to bring them out.

NORTH CALIFORNIA.

It seems to be a "fixed fact" that California shall become a part and parcel of "these United States." It is to be obtained either by force and arms, or be *insinuated* away, as Sam Slick would call it, by force of gold.

Now we need it just about as much as a dog needeth two tails. It is very probable however, that after we have obtained it, and it has been settled by the "restless Yankees," we shall become better acquainted with the productions of the country and obtain some new and valuable varieties of fruits, flowers, grains, grasses, &c., &c.

Lt. Fremont, in his 1st expedition there, collected nearly 14000 specimens of plants. He lost a great many by the upsetting of his canoes and other disasters on his return home, but he nevertheless brought home some that were very interesting. It is a duty to bring good out of evil if we can, and if the spirit of conquest which seems to have bewitched our rulers should succeed, why we hope that Agriculture may receive some additions to her number of valuable productions.

The Bangor Whig says, a Chilean ship is loading lumber in that harbor for Valparaiso.—Her timbers are mostly mahogany, her spars of oak wood and capstan of satin wood. Ten of her crew are native Chileans speaking only of the Spanish language, and are said to be good sailors.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.—PEACE WITH MEXICO. The following is the message of the President relative to Mexican affairs, which was laid before Congress and acted upon on the eve of its adjournment.

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States;

I invite your attention to the propriety of making an appropriation for any expenditure which it may be necessary to make in advance for the purpose of settling all our difficulties with the Mexican Republic. It is my sincere desire to terminate, as it was, originally, to avoid, the existing war with Mexico, by a peace just and honorable to both parties.

It is possible that the chief obstacle to be surmounted in accomplishing this desirable object will be the adjustment of a boundary between the two republics, which shall prove satisfactory and convenient to both, or such as neither will hereafter be inclined to disturb. In the adjustment of this boundary we ought to pay a fair equivalent for any concession which may be made by Mexico. Under the circumstances, and considering the other complicated questions to be settled by negotiation with the Mexican Republic, I deem it important that a sum of money should be placed under the control of the Executive to be advanced, if need be, to the Executive of that Republic, immediately after the ratification of a treaty. It might be convenient for the Mexican Government to wait for the whole sum, the payment of which may be stipulated by this treaty, until it would be ratified by your Senate, or an application to carry it into effect be made by Congress. Indeed the necessity of the delay might defeat the object altogether. The disbursement of the money would of course be accounted for—not as secret service money, but like other expenditures.

Two precedents for such a proceeding exist in our past history during the administration of Mr. Jefferson, to which I would call your attention. On the 25th of February, 1803, an act was passed appropriating five millions of dollars "for the purpose of defraying extraordinary expenses which must be incurred in the intercourse between the United States and foreign nations," "to be applied under the direction of the President of the United States, who shall cause an account of the expenditure thereof to be laid before Congress as soon as may be," and on the 18th of February, 1803, an application was made for the same amount and on the same terms.

In neither case was the money actually drawn from the Treasury, and I should hope that the result in this respect might be similar on the present occasion, although the appropriation may prove to be indispensable in accomplishing the object. I would therefore recommend the passage of a law appropriating two millions of dollars to be placed at the disposal of the Executive for the purpose for which I have indicated.

In order to prevent all misapprehension it is my duty to state that anxious as I am to terminate the existing war with the least possible delay, it will continue to be prosecuted with the utmost vigor until a treaty of peace shall be signed by the parties and ratified by the Mexican Republic.

WASHINGTON, 8th August, 1846.

NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The last New Orleans papers bring intelligence of some importance from the Rio Grande. The brig *Empressario* arrived at N. O. on the 1st inst. bringing Capt. Desha's company of Alabama Volunteers, to be mustered out of service. Six other companies from Alabama, all the Louisiana Volunteers, and the St. Louis Legion, are to follow as speedily as transportation can be furnished. The whole number of troops to be mustered out of the service, is not far from 5000. The ground of this procedure is, professing, the disinclination of the Volunteers to enlist for twelve months; in reality, probably, the Government are glad to rid themselves of the incumbrance of so many unnecessary troops. The Picayune gives the following summary of news by the *Empressario*:

When the *Empressario* left, most of the regular troops had gone to Camargo, where it is probable all are by this time. Unless General Taylor has been detained, on account of the withdrawal of so many volunteers from the army, to make new arrangements regarding the disposition of the remaining ones, he has joined the regular army ere this at Camargo.

The Texan troops were about taking up their march for Mier. Several fine artillery companies, had arrived from the seaboard before the *Empressario* left. Gen. Smith had proceeded with the 3d and 4th Regiments U. S. Infantry up to Camargo, commencing with the rank as Colonel in the army. It will be recollected that General Smith had been appointed Colonel of the new regiment of Mounted Riflemen, and it is upon his commission as such that he now acts.

Governor Henderson was lying dangerously ill at Matamoros, at the latest date—very little hope was, if any, entertained of his recovery. No news had been received of the whereabouts of the Mexican army. Letters had been received at Matamoros from the city of Mexico, which stated that Paroles was to leave that city to join the army. The 20th ult., was the day assigned by these letters for his departure for the seat of war.

Brig. Gen. Hamer was to be left in command at Matamoros, where a regiment of volunteers was to be stationed and the forts garrisoned by artillery.

More extensive hospitals had been ordered to be erected at Point Isabel for the accommodation of a large number of sick.

[N. O. Pic. Aug. 1st.] The N. O. Commercial Times of the 1st reports the arrival of the Revenue Cutter *Forward* at South West Pass on the day previous, from Brazos Santiago on the 24th ult.

Commander A. Slidell Mackenzie arrived in the *Forward*, bearing despatches from General Taylor to the General Government. He immediately took his departure for Washington by the mail steamer *Mobile*.

The *Forward* will immediately leave the Balize for Brazos Santiago, and thence for Vera Cruz.

The New Orleans correspondent of the Charleston, S. C. Courier, under date of 1-2 P. M. of the 1st inst. adds the following:

The steam ship *New York* has just arrived from Brazos Santiago via Galveston. She brings as passengers General Louisa Wolcott, Fort Marks and Drake, of the disbanded Louisiana Regiments, and a large number of other officers. Reports, passed the Ship *Shanunga*, from the Brazos for this port, full of discharged soldiers.

Also, arrived at the Brazos, steam ship *Massachusetts*, from New Orleans. Brig Tasso struck on the bar going in, and sunk as soon as she reached the landing.

FROM RIO JANEIRO. Capt. Potterfield, of the brig *Abrosia*, arrived at New York, Thursday evening, having left Rio Janeiro on the 7th July, stating that a report prevailed when he left, to the effect that the blockade of Buenos Ayres, by the combined squadrons of England and France, was about to be raised.

HAIL STORM. A severe shower, accompanied with wind and hail, passed over Paris and Norway on Thursday afternoon the 6th. It was very destructive to glass, and injured the crops to some extent. At South Paris village, we are informed, says the Democrat, a thousand panes at least, of glass were broken from the windows of the dwellings, shops, &c.

HAIL STORM. The shower on Thursday so delightful in our village, proved very destructive to glass and crops in the south part of the town and in Harpswell. The hail-stones were very large, some of them measuring 1-2 inches in diameter. 124 panes of glass were broken from Mr. J. Skofield's house. In many other houses nearly all the glass was broken. The fall of hail was said to be very terrific.

[Brunswick Journal.] PROLIFIC. Benjamin H. Blake, of Harpswell, is now the owner of a cow, which is only 14 mos. old, and which has within a week or two produced a calf.—[Argus.]

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

FRIDAY, August 1.

The Senate today passed the bill giving masters five per cent. on receipts, besides their salaries.

The bill to amend the postage law and correct the abuses of the franking privilege, was taken up, and sundry amendments were adopted.—Among them one prohibiting the enclosure of letters for different persons in one envelope, with a view of averting the payment of postage, under a penalty of \$10, and the bill was then passed, and was read a third time and passed.

Mr. McDuffie, from the committee on Foreign Relations, reported a bill to authorize the President to issue letters of marque and reprisal in the event of any being issued by Mexico, which was read a third time and passed.

The bill to establish an additional land office in Iowa, was passed.

The bill to aid the improvement of Fox and Wisconsin rivers, was passed.

The House passed the resolution for the paying of volunteers; also the bill giving the franking privilege to postmasters whose salaries were under \$500.

Several amendments reported to the post-office bill were now considered, and several were adopted. The one authorizing letters in post-offices to be advertised in newspapers and printed matter, was rejected without regard to their circulation, was rejected.

The bill was read a third time and passed.

The bill to carry into effect certain stipulations in the treaty with Prussia, was taken up and passed.

The civil and diplomatic appropriation bill was taken up and discussed, and without arriving at any conclusion.

A variety of other unimportant business was transacted in both Houses.

SATURDAY, August 2.

In the SENATE, Mr. Atchison was elected President pro tem, on the eighth ballot. The Senate then went into Executive session and continued a session till a late hour.

In the HOUSE, a message was received from the President, asking an appropriation of two millions of dollars for the purpose of settling the difficulties with Mexico.

A bill appropriating \$2,000,000, after an exciting debate, passed by a vote of 85 to 79.

MONDAY, August 10.

SENATE. The Smithsonian bill was taken up, amendments were suggested, and the bill passed as it came from the House.

The following gentlemen have been appointed Regents of the Institution: Rufus Choise, of Me.; Gideon Hawley, New York; William C. Pender, South Carolina; A. Dallas Bachie and Col. Totten, Washington.

The report of the committee of conference on the civil and diplomatic bill, was agreed to.

The veto of the French Spoils bill was read.

Mr. J. M. Clayton and it was the first time a private bill had been vetoed. Such an exercise of the veto power, if sustained, placed the claims of our citizens in the hands of one man, without appeal.

Mr. Benton and Mr. Dix supported the veto, and after some remarks from Mr. Huntington, Clifton, and Morehead against it, the question was taken on the final passage of the bill

The Muse.

[From the Gospel Messenger.]
A DIRGE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY E. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Softly, peacefully,
Lay her to rest;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast;
Gently, solemnly,
Bend o'er the bed,
Where ye have pillowed
Thus early her head.

Plant a young willow
Close by her grave;
Let its long branches
Soothly wave;
Twine a sweet rose-tree
Over the tomb-stone;
Sprinkle fresh dew there—
Beauty and bloom.

Let a bright fountain
Limpid and clear,
Murmur its music,
Smile through a tear—
Scatter its diamonds
Where the loved lies—
Brilliant and starry,
Like angel's eyes.

Then shall the bright birds
On golden wing,
Lingering o'er,
Murmuring sing:
Then shall the soft breeze
Pensively sigh—
Bearing rich fragrance
And melody by.

Lay the soul lightly
Over her breast;
Calm be her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest.
Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth,
To blossom in heaven.

[From the Lady's Album.]
WITHERED FLOWERS.

BY MISS C. ALLEN.

I knew those lovely flowers
Must perish and decay,
For all in life's bright bowers
Will quickly pass away.

And though their colors are faded,
I nursed with gentle care,
I mourned when Death had shaded
Those little buds so fair.

The sweetest, and the brightest,
The sweetest fade from earth;
And joys that seem the lightest,
Oft leave the highest birth.

The soul that once was nearest,
The truest of all hearts,
And the friends that once were dearest,
Too often cease to part.

And though those cherished flowers
Are faded now, and dead,
They'll live, like happier hours,
In Memory's hallowed bed.

There, in that sacred only,
Rest things we love to cherish.
The valued, loved, yet lonely,
Bright gems that never perish.

The Story Teller.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

TRENTON;

OR, THE FOOTSTEP IN THE SNOW.

A Tradition of Christmas Night, 1776.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

It was a dark and dreary night, sixty-nine years ago, when, in an ancient farm-house, that rises along yonder shore, an old man and his children had gathered around their Christmas hearth.

It was a lovely picture. That old man sitting there on the broad hearth, in the full glow of the flame—his dame, a fine old matron, by his side—his children, a band of red-lipped maidens—some with slender forms, just trembling on the verge of girlhood—others warning and flushing into the summer morn of womanhood!

And the warm glow of the fire was upon the white locks of the poor old man, and on the mild face of his wife, and the young bloom of those fair daughters.

Had you, on that dark night—for it was dark and cold—while the December sky gloomed above, and the sleet swept over the hills of the Delaware—have drawn near that farm-house window, and looked in upon that Christmas hearth, and drank in the full beauty of that scene—you would confess with me, that though this world has many beautiful scenes—much of the strangely beautiful in poetry—yet there, by that hearth, centered and brightened and burned that poetry, which is most like Heaven, the Poetry of Home!

You have all heard the story of the convict, who stood on the gallows, embroiled in crime—stepped to the lips in blood—stood there, mocking at the preacher's prayer, mocking even the hangman!—When, suddenly, as he stood with the rope about his neck—his head sunk—a single, burning, scalding tear rolled down his cheek.

"I was thinking," said he, in a broken voice, "I was thinking of the Christmas fire!" Yes, in that moment, when the preacher failed to warn, when even the hangman could not awe—a thought came over the convict's heart of that time, when a father and his children, in a far land, gathered around their Christmas fire.

That thought melted his iron soul! "I care not for your ropes and your gibbets," he said. "But now, in that far land—there, over the waters—my father, my brothers, my sisters, are sitting around their Christmas fire! They are waiting for me! And I am here—here upon the scaffold!"

Is there not a deep poetry in the scene, that could touch a murderer's soul, and melt it into tears?

And now, as the old man, his wife, his daughters cluster around their fire, tell me, why does that old man's head droop slowly down, his eyes fill, his hands tremble?

Ah, there is one absent from the Christmas hearth! He is thinking of the absent one—his manly, brave boy, who has been gone from the farm-house for a year.

But hark! Even as the thought comes over him, the silence of that fire-side is broken by a faint cry—a faint moan, heard over the wastes of snow from afar.

The old man grasps a lantern, and with that young girl by his side, goes out upon the dark night!

Look there—as following the sound of that moan—they go softly over the frozen path: how the lantern flashes over their forms—over a few white patches of frozen snow—while beyond all is darkness!

Still that moan, so low, so faint, so deep-toned, quivers on the air!

Something arrests the old man's eye there in

the snow—they bend down, he and his daughter—they gaze upon that sight.

It is a human footprint painted in the snow, pointed in human blood!

"My child," whispers the old man, tremulously, "now pray to Heaven for Washington! For by this footprint, stamped in blood, I judge that his army is passing near this place!"

Still that moan quivers on the air.

Then the old man, and that young girl, following those footsteps stained in blood—one—two—three—four—look how the red tokens crimson the white snow—following those bloody footprints; go on until they reach that rock, beetling over the river shore.

There the lantern light flashes over the form of a half-naked man, crouching down in the snow—freezing and bleeding to death.

The old man looks upon that form clad in the ragged uniform of the Continental army—the stiffened fingers grasping the battered musket.

It was his only son.

He called to him—the young girl knelt, and— you may be sure there were tears in her eyes—chafed her brother's hands—ah, they were stiff and cold! And when she could not warm them, gathered them to her young bosom, and wept her tears upon his dying face.

Suddenly that brother raised his head—he extended his hand towards the river.

"Look there, father!" he said, in his husky voice.

And bending down over the rock, the old man looked far over the river.

There, under the dark sky, a fleet of boats were tossing amid piles of floating ice. A fleet of boats bearing men and arms, and extending in irregular lines from shore to shore.

And the last boat of the fleet—that boat just leaving the western shore of the Delaware; the old man saw that too, and saw—even through the darkness—yonder tall form, half muffled in a warrior's cloak, with a grey war-horse by his side.

Was not that a strange sight to see at dead of night, on a dark river, under a dark sky?

The old man turned to his dying son to ask the meaning of this mystery.

"Father," gasped the brave boy, tottering to his feet. "Father, give me my musket—help me on—help me down to the river—for to-night—for to-night—"

As that word was on his lips—he fell. He fell, and lay there, stiff and cold. Still on his lips there hung some faintly spoken words.

The old man—that fair girl—bent down—they listened to those words—

"To-night—Washington—the British—to-night—Trenton!"

And with that word gasping on his lips—"Trenton!" he died!

The old man did not know the meaning of that word, until the next morning. Then there was the sound of musketry to the south; then, booming along the Delaware came the roar of battle.

Then that old man, with his wife and children, gathered round the body of that dead boy, knew the meaning of that single word that had trembled on his lips—

Knew that GEORGE WASHINGTON had burst like a thunderbolt upon the British Camp in Trenton!

Ah! that was a merry Christmas party which the British officers kept in the town of Trenton, sixty-nine years ago—although it is true, that to that party there came an uninvited guest, one Mister Washington, his half-clad army, and certain bold Jerseymen!

Would that I might linger here, and picture the great deeds of that morning, sixty-nine years ago.

Would that I might linger here upon the holy ground of TRENTON.

For it is holy ground. For it was here, in the darkest hour of the Revolution, that George Washington made one stout and gallant blow in the name of that Declaration, which fifty-six bold men, had proclaimed in the old State House of Philadelphia six months before.

Then, if that State House is the Mecca of Freedom, to which the pilgrims of all climes may come to worship, then is the battle-ground of Trenton, the twin-Mecca—the Jerusalem of Freedom—to which the Children of Liberty, from every clime, may come—look upon the footsteps of the mighty dead—bring their offerings—shed their tears.

December 26th, 1776!

It was a dark night, but the first gleam of morning shone over the form of George Washington, as he stood beside the Hessian leader, Ralle, who lay in yonder room, wrestling with death—yes, Washington stood there, and placed the cup of water to his feverish lips, and spoke a prayer for his passing soul.

It was a dark night, but the gleam of morning shone over yon cliff darkening above the wintry river, over the frozen snow, where a father, a wife, a band of children, clustered around the cold form of a dead soldier.

He was clad in rags, but there was a grim smile on his white lips—his frozen hand still clenched, with an iron grasp, the broken rifle.

His face, so cold, so pale, was wet with his sister's tears, but his soul had gone to yonder heaven, there to join the Martyrs of Trenton and of Bunker Hill.

AMUSING THE MESS. A good anecdote is told of Lieutenant G., while board one of our ships of war, which does equal credit to his honor and his gallantry.

A distinguished member of the jargonism of a northern city was dining on board, with a mess of officers, and when the wine began to circulate pretty freely, entertained the company with a recital of several amours of which he was, of course, the hero. It happened that in one of these he ventured to slander a lady of spotless reputation, an acquaintance of Lieut. G. The gallant officer heard him thro' without interruption, and then rising from the table informed him of his acquaintance with and respect for the lady he had so wickedly traduced.

"O, don't mind it, Grif, don't mind it," exclaimed our hero, "it's all a lie, you know; I only told it to amuse the mess."

Lieut. G. very coolly turned him around, gave him a stout kicking, and followed it up till he had ejected him from the state room, observing very quietly: "Don't mind it, don't mind it; I'm only doing it for the amusement of the mess."

A roar of laughter followed the disconcerted Mantlini as he slid into a boat, and the map in the stern sheets cried "give way."

LAMB VS. SHEEP. A lady, whose maiden name was Lamb, but who recently got married, met an acquaintance the other day, and thus addressed her.

OUT OF HEART.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Why so sad, Ernest?" said the young wife to her husband, affectionately twining her arms around his neck and kissing him.

He looked up with a sad smile, and replied:—"I am almost out of heart, Mary. I think of all pursuits a profession is the worst. Here have I been week after week and month after month—I may soon say year after year—waiting for practice, yet without success. A lawyer may volunteer in a celebrated case, and so make himself; but a physician must sit patiently in his office, and if unknown, see men without half his acquisitions, affording in wealth, while he perhaps is starving. And it will soon come to that," he added bitterly, "if I do not get employment."

An unbidden tear started into the wife's eye, but she strove to smile, and said,

"Do not despond, Ernest. I know you have been unfortunate so far, but you have talents and knowledge to make your way, as soon as you get a start. And depend upon it," she added, with a cheerful look, "that will come when you least expect it."

"So you have told me often; but the lucky hour has never come," said her husband despondingly. "And now every cent of my little fortune has been expended, and our credit will soon be gone when it is found we do not pay. What then, is to become of us?"

Ernest was in a mood which the most sanguine sometimes experience, when disappointment after disappointment has crushed the spirit, and the voice of hope is no longer heard within. His wife would have given way to tears, if she had been alone; but she felt the necessity of sustaining him and answered cheerfully—

"What if every cent is gone? Have no fear that we shall starve. God sent ravens to feed Elijah, and he will yet interpose for our aid. Trust in him, dearest."

The husband felt rebuked, as she thus spoke, and answered less despondingly.

"But really, Mary, this want of success would try the stoutest spirit. The mechanic, the day-laborer, the humblest farmer is sure of his food and raiment; but I, after having spent years in study, have wasted years besides waiting for practice; and now when all my fortune is gone, if I resort to other means of livelihood, I lose all I have spent, both of time and money, and must forever abandon the idea of pursuing my profession. It is too bad!" And he arose and walked the room with rapid strides.

His wife sighed, and remained silent. But after a moment or two she arose, went up to him, and fondly encircling him with her arm, said,

"Dear Ernest, you must not worry yourself, so. You think it painful for me to bear poverty, I know; but a woman never regards such things when she loves. A crust of bread, a log cabin would be preferable to me, if I shared them with you, than a palace with any other. But it will not come to this. Something within assures me you will yet be great and rich. Have patience only for a little while longer. There—there is a knock at the door now—it may be for you."

As if her words had been prophetic, the little girl, their only servant, appeared at this crisis, and said the doctor was wanted in a great hurry. With an exulting smile his wife ran for his hat, and then sat down with a beating heart, to await his return.

It was almost the first summons that the young physician had received, though he had resided in the village for more than a year. The place too, was large and populous, but there were several physicians of large practice, and all these combined to put down their young rival. More than once, therefore, Ernest would have abandoned the field in despair; but his young wife cheered and encouraged him, though sometimes her own heart felt ready to give up. Mary Linwood was indeed that greatest of all blessings, a good wife; she sympathized with her husband, economized to the utmost, and by her sanguine words chased despondency from his heart.

Hour after hour she sat there, awaiting her husband's return, yet still he came not. At last darkness set in, and she began to feel uneasy. She was about rising to go to the door, when she heard her husband's foot on the step, and hurrying out she met him in the hall.

"God bless you, Mary, for an angel as you are," were his first words. "If it had not been for you I should have given up long ago, but now my fortune is made."

Breathless with anxiety to hear all, yet not unmindful of his probably wearied condition, Mary hurried her husband into the little sitting-room where the tea-things were laid, and began to pour out the refreshing beverage with a trembling hand, while Ernest told the history of his day's absence.

"I found," he said, "I was sent for to old Governor Huston's—the richest and most influential man, you know, in the county—and when I got there I learned to my surprise, that the Governor had been thrown from his carriage, and was thought to be dying. All the physicians of the town had been sent for, one after another, but none could aid him. In despair, his wife without orders had sent for me. I saw his only chance for life depended on a new and difficult operation, which none of the older physicians had seen performed. Luckily I had assisted at one when a student. I stated what I thought could be done. The old Governor is a man of iron nerves, and quick resolution; so when he heard the others say they could do nothing for him, he determined to commit himself to my hands. I succeeded beyond my hopes; even other physicians were forced to acknowledge my skill; and there is now nothing but care required to make my patient as well as ever. On parting he put this roll of notes in my hand."

Mary was in tears long before her husband finished his narration; but her heart went up in thankfulness to God for having thus interposed just at the crisis when hope seemed gone.

From that day Ernest Linwood was made a man. The fame of his skillful operation was in every one's mouth; and by the aid of his patient, who now became his patron, he stepped at once into practice among the best families of the place. Wealth as well as reputation flowed in upon him; but he always attributed his success to his wife, whose affection, he said, had cheered and sustained him when out of heart.

"There is nothing," he would say, "like a faithful wife; under God our weal or woe for this life depends on her. If she is desponding, your own sanguine spirit catches the infection; but if she is full of hope and energy, her smiles will cheer you on in the darkest hour, and enable you to achieve what you at first thought impossible. Our success in this world, as well as our happiness, depends chiefly on our wives."

Let a man marry one, therefore, equal to either fortune, who can adorn his riches or brighten his poverty; and who, under all circumstances, will be truly his helpmate."

A Tragical Story.

Charles had been absent two days. Poor Julia had been wishing and wishing for him. His well known step sounded in the entry; the door opened, and she met him with a heightened color in her cheek, and her blue eyes flashing from beneath their long lashes with sparks of unthought pleasure. Shall I mention particulars? It is scarcely necessary. He who cannot imagine a warm-hearted young wife, in the honeymoon-moon, would meet her husband after an absence of two whole days, is no reader for me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, after the first transport had a little subsided, "I am glad you have returned, dear Charles! I was afraid you might not come—that you were sick, or some accident had occurred. But here you are. And now, have you had a pleasant time? and whom did you see?"

Charles stopped her mouth.

"Yes, here I am, safe and sound, and full of news; but you huddle questions with such volubility, that I shall never get a chance to answer them, and your mouth here wide open to ask I don't know how many more."

"Well, then," answered she, flinging herself into an attitude of attention, and folding her arms like a judge upon a bench—"There, I am dumb, and ready to listen to the news—I won't speak another word till you are done."

And with considerable apparent difficulty she closed her lips.

"Now, then," said Charles, "mark me."

"I will," said Julia.

"Well, then," continued her husband, laughing, "in the first place, they are all well; in the next, I have had a very pleasant time; and lastly, I have seen old Mr. Peterson, and Aunt Sarah, and Mr. and Mrs. Vanderyke, and little Rob, Henry and Maria."

"And this," inquired Julia, "is the news you are to tell; and these are all you saw?"

"Oh, no!" replied Charles, mysteriously; "far from it, Julia. I have met one more—one most beautiful, bewitching being more—the very counterpart of Venus. Such a complexion—such ringlets, long and glossy—and cheeks—roses and lilies are nothing to them! There is nothing in all nature sweeter than her lips, and her eyes are bright daggers no man should rashly encounter. They are soft, melting, liquid, heavenly blue—full of the light of intellect, and tremulous every beam of them with a tenderness that makes the heart ache."

"You are only jesting with me," said Julia, endeavoring, but in vain, to check the change that came over her face, as the shadow of a cloud flitted across a stream. "This is some Dutch beauty, and you can scarcely describe her without laughing. Come now, tell the truth."

"You may believe it or not, just as you please," said Charles; "but I assure you the whole account is as true as the enjoyment of it was enrapturing and the memory is delicious."

Julia was sensitive and artless. She loved her husband with that deep tenderness which knew all the thrills of love's hopes and fears. Her heart was like a goblet filled to the brim, whose contents tremble and overflow when shaken even so lightly. There was, therefore, in these enthusiastic praises of another, something strange and even cruel. Still she could not believe that he was serious; and forcing a smile, and struggling to keep down her rising emotion, she listened to him in silence as he rattled on.

"Our meeting was marked with uncommon interest. Old Mr. Peterson introduced me to her, after having previously hinted that, before I was married, she had regarded me with more than common complacency."

"Charles!"

"Well, we met. I addressed her by name; she said nothing—but oh! those eyes of hers were fixed on me with a gaze that reached into the innermost recesses of my heart, and seemed to touch all those chords of feeling which nature had strung for joy. Wherever I went I found her eyes turned towards me, and an arch smile just played about her saucy lips, and spoke all the fine fancies and half hidden meaning that women will often look, but not always trust to the clumsy vehicle of words. I could restrain myself no longer—but forgetting all but those heavenly lips, I approached, and—"

Poor Julia! She thought she heard the knell of her young dreams. The hue of her cheek, and the sparkle of her azure eyes were gone long before; and as he painted in such glowing colors the picture of his feelings, her lip quivered, and tears swelled up and dimmed the blue light of eyes beautiful as day.

"I will never speak to you again, Charles," she sobbed she, "if this be true."

"It is true," he exclaimed, "only not half like the reality. It was your own picture, my sweet girl, that I kissed again and again."

She looked at him a moment, and buried her wet eyes in his bosom. As she lifted her head, and shaking back the clustering ringlets that fell around her brow, displayed her face smiling through tears, his armsoffly found its way around her waist, and—but I am at the end of my sheet.

"Simon, what has a mill got, that is like the great progenitor of our race."

"Guess it is a race."

"No, Guess again."

"I give it up."

"He is a dam."

"Ah!" [Star.]

"Pa, is cannons got ears?"

"Guess not, Bob. Sorry to hear a boy of your age ask so simple a question."

"Simple, is it?"

"Yes."

"What does simple mean, Pa?"

"Means foolish."

"Then this Tropic man is a fool."

"The man of the Tropic a fool? Poh! one of the best editors in the country, Bob."

"Well, he talks about some cannon-iers, and you say that is foolish—ergo, as Mr. Squitch says, he's a fool."

"Uh!—right Bob. Here's a cent." [Star.]

Miss Matilda Mugg has put out a fresh shingle at her shop door, with this announcement: Knowledge. I am got sum up artikles faw sail—such as krackers, kandles, kabbages korfy, kups and sawsirs, and menny other arkles to newmurs to mention, all selling cheap. Kall in.

P. S. Beens is borth hear by the kwart or boosh-ill. Apply in the passage round makkrill barrill.

Haviland & Tuttle's Water Wheel.

THE subscribers have lately received a patent for their highly approved Water Wheel, and are prepared to receive orders for the various sizes required for water-turbines. This wheel, which is constructed for the best application of water, will run equally well under water, and from its simplicity will be found to be the most valuable wheel in use. It is not subject to the inconvenience of the ordinary water-wheel, which is liable to be used at all seasons of the year. By means of an attached regulator this wheel will so control the vent as to use to the best possible advantage, the amount of water, whether the quantity available be a spring freshet or a summer drought, and will operate precisely as well as if it was originally intended for the existing state of water while the wheel is in motion. It will be seen at once that this wheel possesses every requisite for a side mill or any mill situated on a stream which is irregular in its head or amount of water.

This wheel is rapidly finding favor with millwrights and others acquainted with machinery, and we confidently assert that we can furnish a wheel, which if placed by the side of any other wheel will be found to be by far the most economical, valuable and durable. It may be used on a horizontal or perpendicular shaft, and when constructed of cast iron, its equal for speed and power, (with any given quantity of water), is nowhere to be found. Individuals who are about purchasing are invited to examine this wheel, and the proprietors are so anxious to give satisfaction, that they will be glad to send the representations we will refund the money and at our own expense remove the wheel.

Any information relative to this wheel can be obtained of B. CHANDLER, Patent Agent, Augusta, or WEBBER & HAVILAND, Manufacturers, Waterville, or E. B. TUTTLE, Canaan.

Dr. Jackson's Celebrated Vegetable Jaundice Bitters.

THIS purely vegetable remedy is not like most of the popular medicines now in vogue, fitted up and extravagantly puffed to secure their sale, but a remedy whose virtues have been thoroughly tested for many years, in re-ventures where jaundice and bilious diseases are very prevalent. This remedy, by regulating the bowels, strengthening the stomach, exciting the action of the liver, opening the bile ducts and operating as general alterative, becomes a very efficient and safe and invaluable remedy. It is also peculiarly adapted to SPRING COMPLAINTS, so common in passing from the cold of winter to the heat of summer. It brings an active remedy, still producing no sickness, and is of special advantage on that account. Those who are troubled with sour stomach, dyspepsia, weakness, fullness or flatulency at the stomach, loss of appetite, constipation, or costiveness of the bowels, headache, drowsiness, bitter taste in the mouth, bad breath, weakness of the limbs, &c. &c. cannot do better than to purchase this safe, cheap, and effectual remedy. This medicine can be taken so as to strengthen and regulate the bowels, or to operate as an active physic, by varying the dose.

For sale by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, Augusta, and H. J. SELDEN & CO. Hallowell.

NO DECEPTION!

NOT a week passes away without we have to record some of the most astonishing cures of long continued asthma, incipient consumption, bleeding at the lungs, bronchitis, difficulty of breathing, and the various diseases to which the lungs and throat are subject.

It has proved itself to be the best medicine ever offered to the public. Thousands have already tested its virtues, and have never found it to fail in curing the diseases for which it is recommended. Not only does it cure the disease, but it is known to be productive of good effects, as they are assured that if ONE BOTTLE produces no good effects upon the sufferer, twenty bottles will not, and it is not therefore necessary that they should spend their money in vain.

BEWARE OF A SLIGHT COUGH. Although it is passed over as unimportant, it will soon become a serious complaint, and if neglected, it will lead to the consumption. Take heed to it in the early stages, and it will be cured. It is a cough, which is attended with raising of mucus, streaked with blood. These are dangerous symptoms; but they are quickly and effectually overcome by the above remedy. Ask the sufferer from that distressing complaint, ASTHMA, who he thinks of purchasing a bottle of Dr. Jackson's Cough Balm, and he will tell you he cannot live comfortably without it. It relieves all that difficulty of breathing, cough, and tightness of the chest, gives quiet and refreshing slumber, and restores the sufferer to his usual health. It is the best remedy in the world for the cure of a cough, and is sold by all the druggists and dealers in medicine. Witness the case of Henry Jackson, 12th street; William Bond, the well known Boston cracker baker, Brooklyn; Mr. Wilkinson, Hoboken; Mrs. Bell, Morristown, N. J.; Mrs. Lucet, New York; 322 Pearl street; W. C. Goward, Woodstock, Ulster co.; and Mrs. Archibald, 35 White st.

RAISING OF BLOOD is effectually checked by this remedy, when all other means have failed. Hundreds of cases might be related, where persons in the city have been given up and pronounced as past hope, who have been restored by this great remedy to the enjoyment of health.

Mrs. Thiboureaux, 352 Monroe street; Dennis Kelley, 26 Water street; Charles Roberts, 171 Canal street; Henry Lisbon, 199 Livingston street; and hundreds of others who have used the remedy can testify to the truth of the above.

Beware of using only palliative remedies, they will only appear to cure, but the progress of the disease is checked, and death ensues. Resort at once to this great remedy, and you will not be disappointed in your hopes.

For sale at 106 Nassau street, New York. Also in Augusta by J. E. LADD and E. S. FULLER. Mr. Ladd will supply agents on terms of cash or goods.

The above Balm can be procured of the agents in most of the towns and villages in Maine.

Extra Gold Top.

DR. JACKSON'S WILD CHERRY AND SASSAPILLA SALT RHEUM REMEDY. This beautiful preparation has established for itself a reputation of the most healthful and delightful beverage ever yet discovered; it is also the cheapest and most efficacious compound for the removal of the blood, and the cure of dyspepsia, if persevered in; and is manufactured from the best sarsaparilla and wild cherry, and with great care compounded into a very rich syrup, which cannot fail to give agreeable satisfaction to all that may give it.

It is sold by grocers and druggists throughout the city and country, and is fast supplanting the place of all other syrups now in the market; warranted to keep in any climate, and for all seasons. For sale wholesale and retail at the office, No. 462 Washington st. near Hollis st. Boston. Also by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, Augusta, and H. J. SELDEN & CO. Hallowell.

100 CASKS NAILS.

Just received an for sale by June 2. LEWIS P. MEAD & CO.

Salt Rheum—Salt Rheum.

DR. CHARLAND'S German Remedy is a positive and permanent cure for that troublesome and troublesome disease, the Salt Rheum. Hundreds of those who for years have suffered extreme inconvenience, and who have been actually disgusted with themselves, because of the rough and scabby appearance of their faces, and congratulating themselves because they have found a positive cure. Never despair. Try this; if it does not cure you shall have your money. For sale at 462 Washington st. near Hollis st. Boston. Also by DILLINGHAM & TITCOMB, Augusta, and by all the principal druggists throughout the country.

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